

The Historie of

Harry to Harry, shall not horse to horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarset
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He can drawe his power this fourteene daies.

Doug. That's the worst tidings, that I heare of it.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frostie sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Fortie let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may serue so great a day.
Come let vs take a muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fals. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
sacke, our souldiours shall march through. Wee'll to Sutton cop-
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
ty, take them all, Ile answere the coynage, bid my Liuetenant
Peto meete me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sowst gurnet, I
haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out
contracted batcheiers, such as had beene askt twice on the
banes, such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as liue heare
the Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliver,
worse then a strooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I prest me none,
but such tosts and butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger
then pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and

Henry

now my whole charge consist
tenants, gentlemen of compa
the painted cloth, where the
such as indeede were neuer s
uingmen, yonger sonnes to y
and Orlers tradefalne, the ca
peace, ten times more dishon
ancient, and such haue I to f
bought out their seruices, that
dred and fiftie tottered prodig
ping, from eating draffe and h
on the way, and told me I had
the dead bodies. No eie hat
march through Couentry wi
villaines march wide betwixt
for indeede, I had the most of
shirte and a halfe in all my co
napkins tack't together, and
Herald: coate without sleeue
stolne from my host at S. Alb
Dauntie, but that's all one, th
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and

Prin. How now, blowne I

Fal. What, Hal? how now
in Warwickeshire? My good
cie, I thought your honour ha

Wes. Faith, sir Iohn, it is mo
you too, but my powers are th
looks for vs all, we must away

Fals. Tut, neuer feare me,
Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Cre
ready made thee butter: but
these that come after?

Fals. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such p

Fals. Tut, tut, good enough